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OUR COUNTRY—HER COMMERCE—AND HER FREE INSTITUTIONS.

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creased industry he could have

to have additional time at his disposal he should have the benefit of it. The sum at which each was valued, at a moderate estimate, was set down against him in the account book, and every credit gained by extra labor was duly entered also. In this way some fifty or sixty achieved their freedom, by a process which made it manifest that they knew how to prize it, and that they were worthy of it—by a process too, which confirmed them in habits of industry and thrift. Mr. Macdonough published a statement of the whole affair, and the following extract is from the concluding portion of it.—*Balt. Pat.*

THE POOR.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

We are lowly—very lowly,
Misfortune is our crime,
We have been trodden under foot,
From all recorded time.
A yoke upon our neck is laid,
A burden to endure;
To suffer is our legacy,
The portion of the poor.

We are lowly—very lowly—
And scorned from day to day;
Yet we have something of our own,
Power cannot take away;
By tyrants we are toiled to death—
By cold and hunger killed;
But peace is in our hearts, it speaks
Of duties all fulfilled.

We are lowly—very lowly—
Nor house nor land have we,
But there's a heritage for us,
While we have eyes to see.
They cannot hide the lovely stars,
Words in creation's book—
Although they hold their fields and lanes
Corrupted by our look!

We are lowly—very lowly—
And yet the fairest flowers,
That by the wayside raise their eyes—
Thank God they still are ours!
Ours is the streamlet's mellow voice,
And ours the common dew—
We still dare gaze on hill and plain,
And field and meadow too!

We are lowly—very lowly—
But when the cheerful Spring,
Comes forth with flowers upon her feet,
To hear the throstle sing,
Although we dare not seek the side
Where haunts the forest deer—
The waving leaves we still can see,
The hymning birds can hear!

We are lowly—very lowly—
Our hedge row paths are gone,
Where woodbines laid their fairy hands
The hawthorn's breast upon.
Yet slender mercies still are left,
And heaven doth endure,
And hear the prayers that upward rise
From the afflicted poor.

THE SUCCESSFUL GOING ON OF MAJOR JONES' COURTSHIP.

PINEVILLE, Dec. 27, 1842.

Mr. Thompson—Dear Sir:—Crismus is over and the thing's ded. You know I told you in my last letter I was gwine to bring Miss Mary up to the chalk a Crismus. Well, I done it as slick as a whistle, tho' it came mighty nigh bein a serious undertakin. But I'll tell you all about the whole circumstance.

The fact is, I'd made up my mind more'n twenty times to jest go and come rite out with whole business, but whenever I got whar she was, and whenever she looked at me with her witchin eyes, and kind o' blushed at me, I always felt sort o' skeered and fainty, and all what I made up to tell her was forgot, so I could'nt think of it to save me. But you'r a maried man, Mr. Thompson, so I could'nt tell you nothing about poppin the question, as they call it. It's a mighty great favor to ax of a rite pretty gal, and to people as aint used to it, it goes monstrous hard, don't it? They say widders don't mind it no more'n nothin. But I'm makin a transgression as the preacher ses.

Crismus eve I put on my new suit and shaved my face as slick as a smoothin iron and went over to old Miss Stallionses. As soon as I went into the parler whar they was all a settin round the fire, Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah both laughed rite our—

'There, there,' ses they, 'I told you so, I knew it would be Joseph.'

'What's I done Miss Carline?' ses I.

'You come under sister's chicken bone, and I do believe she knew you was comin when she put it over the door.

'No I did'nt—I did'nt know such thing, now,' ses Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all over.

'Oh, you need'nt deny it,' ses Miss Kesiah, 'you 'long to Joseph now, jist as sure as there's any charme in chicken bones.'

I knowed that was a first rate chance to say somethin, but the dear little creater looked so sorry and kep a blushin so, I could'nt say nothing zactly to the pint, so I tuck a chair and reached up and tuck down the bone and put it in my pocket.

'What are you gwine to do with that bone now, Majer?' ses Miss Mary.

'I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live,' ses I, 'as a Crismus present from the handsomest gal in Georgia.'

When I sed that she blushed worse and worse.

'Aint you shamed, Majer?' ses she.

'Now you ought to give *her* a Crismus gift, Joseph, to keep all *her* life,' ses Miss Carline.

'Ah,' ses old Miss Stallions, 'when I was a gal, we used to hang up our stockins'—

'Why Mother!' ses all of 'em, 'to say stockins rite afore——'

Then I felt a little streaked too, caus they was all a blushin as hard as they could.

'Highty-tity!' ses the old lady—'what finement. I'd like to know what harm there is in stockins. People now-a-days is gittin so mealey-mouthed that they can't call nothin by its name, and I don't see that they's any better than the old time people was. When I was a gal like you, child, I used to hang up my stockins and get 'em full of presents.'

The gals kep laughin.

'Never mind,' ses Miss Mary, 'the Majer's got to give me a Crismus gift—wont you Majer?'

'Oh, yes,' ses I, 'you know I promised you one.'

'But I did'nt mean *that*,' ses she.

'I've got one for you, what I want you to keep all your life, but it would take a two bushel bag to hold it,' ses I.

'Oh, that's the kind,' ses she.

'But will you keep it as long as you leve?' ses I.

'Certainly I will, Majer.'

'Now you hear that, Miss Carline,' ses I; 'she ses she'll keep it all her life.'

'Yes, I will,' ses Mary—'but what is it?'

'Never mind,' ses I, 'you hang up a bag big enough to hold it and you'll find out what it is in the mornin.'

Miss Carline winked at Miss Kesiah, and then wispered to her—then they both laughed and looked at me as mischievous as they could. They specced somethin.

'You'll be sure to give it to me now, if I hang up a bag,' ses Miss Mary.

'And you promised to keep it,' ses I.

'Well, I will, cause I know you would'nt give me nothin that was'nt worth keepin,'

They all agreed they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary's Crismus present in, in the back porch, and about nine o'clock I told them good evenin and went home.

I set up till midnight, and when they was all gone to bed I went softly into the back gate, and went up to the porch, and thar, shore enuff, was a grate big meal bag hangin to the jice. It was monstrous unhandy to git into it, but I was termined not to back out; so I sot some chairs on the top of a bench and got hold of the rope and let myself down into the bag, but just as I was gettin in, the bag swung agin the chairs, and down they went with a terrible racket. But no body did'nt wake up but old Miss Stallionses great big cur dog, and here he come rippin and tarin through the yard like wrath, and round and round he went tryin to find out what was the matter. I sot down in the bag and did'nt breath louder nor a kitten, for fear he'd find me out and after a while he quit barkin. The wind begun to blow bominable cold, and the old bag kep turnin round and swingin so it made me seasick as the mischief. I was a fraid to move for fear the rope would brake and let me fall, and thar I sot with my teeth rattlin like I had a ager. It seemed like it would never come day-light, and I do believe if I didnt love Miss Mary so powerfully I would froze to death; for my heart was the only spot that felt warm, and it did'nt beat more'n two licks a minit, only when I thought how she would be sprised in the mornin, and then it went into a canter. Bimeby the cursed old dog come up on the porch and begun to smell bout the bag, then he barked like he thought he had treed somethin. 'Bow wow, wow!' ses he. Then he'd smell agin, and try to git up to the bag. 'Git out,' ses I very low, for fear they would hear me; 'Bow wow, wow!' ses he. 'Be gone you bominable fool,' ses I, and I felt all over in spots, for I specced every minit he'd nip me, and what made it worse, I could'nt see whar 'bouts he'd take hold. 'Bow wow, wow!' Then I tried coaxin—'come here, good feller,' ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it want no use. Thar he stood and kept up his eternal barkin, all night. I could'nt tell when daylight was a breakin, only by the chickens crowin, and was monstrous glad to hear 'em, for if I had to stay there one hour more, I don't believe I'd ever got out o' that bag alive.

Old Miss Stallions come out fust, and as soon as she saw the bag, ses she,

'What upon yerth has Joseph put in that long bag for Mary? I'll lay its a yearling or some living animal, or Bruin would'nt bark at it so.'

She went in to call the gals, and I sot thar, shiverin all over so I could'nt speak if I tried to—but I did'nt say nothin. Bimeby they all come runnin out.

'My Lord, what is it?' ses Miss Mary.

'Oh, it's alive!' ses Miss Kesiah, 'I seed it move.'

'Call Cato, and make him cut the rope,' ses Miss Carline, 'and let's see what it is. Come here Cato, and git this bag down.'

Cato untied the rope that was round the jice, and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out all covered with corn meal, from head to foot.

'Goodness gracious!' ses Miss Mary, 'if it aint the Majer himself!'

'Yes,' ses I, and you know you promised to keep my Crismus present as long as you lived.'

The gals laughed themselves almost to death, and went to brushen of the meal as fast as they could, sayin they was gwine to hang that bag up every Crismus till they got husbands too. Miss Mary—bless her bright eyes, she blushed as beautiful as a mornin-glory, and sed she'd stick to her word. She was rite out o' bed, and her hair was'nt combed and her hed was'nt fixt at all, but the way she looked pretty was rale distractin. I do believe if I was froze stiff, one look at her charmin face, as she stood lookin down to the floor with her rogish eyes, and her bright curls fallin all over her snowy neck, would fotch'd me too. I tell you what, it was worth hangin in a meal bag from one Crismus to another to feel so happy as I have ever since.

I went home after we had the laugh out, and set by the fire till I had thawed. In the forenoon all the Stallionses come over to our house, and we had one of the greatest Crismus dinners that ever was seed in Georgia, and I don't believe a happier company ever sot down at the same table. Old Miss Stallions and mother settled the match, and talked over every thing that ever happened in their families, and laughed at me and Mary, and cried 'bout their dead husbands, cause they was'nt alive to see their childrin married.

It is all settled now, cept we haint sot the weddin day. I'd like to have it all over at once, but young gals always like to be engaged a while, you know, so spose I must waite a month or so. Mary (she says I must call her Miss Mary now) has been a good deal of trouble and botherashun to me, but if you could see her, you would'nt think that I ought to grudge a little sufferin to git sich a sweet little wife.

You must come to the weddin if you kin. I'll let you know. No more from your friend till death. JOS. JONES.

From the Buffalo Commercial.

A Trifle.

How true the saying, and yet how little realized, that, one half of the world knows not how the other half lives. The rich, surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth can purchase, have but too little inclination to wander in the by-ways of the world, where squalid poverty and unpretending humble wretchedness make their abode.—The poor, oppressed with the ever present necessity of providing for the wants of nature, know but little of the lavish expenditure of the rich. True, at intervals, they catch a glimpse of the wealth and comfort that almost jostle them in their daily round and to which they may hope to aspire.—Luxury is not for them. It is like the gold which tints the fringed clouds at sunset, beautiful to behold, but mortal hands may not gather it. They see in others what they might have wished for themselves, and they turn away from its splendor with the sickening sensation, that, for them to strive for it, is in vain.

A few days since, while passing along one of our streets, I met a woman of apparently forty-five years of age. Her frame was bowed, and her step feeble and uncertain. Upon her countenance was traced, as with legible lines, a sorrowful but resigned melancholy. It was such an expression as I have never seen but once before. Upon the eastern plane of the monument standing over the remains of the venerable THOMAS ADDIS EMMETT, in the yard of St Paul's Church in New York, there is a likeness, in basso-relievo, of that patriot and sage. There is a calm and solemn majesty in the features, but the expression, which cut itself, as it were, into my mind, was one of soul-stricken sadness—not that sadness flowing from some slight disappointment—that transient cloud upon the heart which the first passing semblance of joy might dissipate—but the sadness of long years of grief, in which the spirit had struggled for the mastery, until at last, resignation had taken the place of hope, leaving the countenance without a smile. No petulent grief, no feeling of vindictive misanthropy, mars the serene repose which rests upon that countenance. It is the sorrow which disdains the common sympathy of words, and would not babble forth its woes in vain regrets, but pent up deep within, part and parcel of the spirit's life, ever to be borne about as a memorial that joy had departed, telling the beholder that, though the soul was crushed, it would struggle on to the last. In that one expression I could read the tale of the butchery of his chivalric brother, his own banishment to a land of strangers, and his country's wrongs. But I wander.

This deep-seated sadness rested upon the countenance of the poor woman I chanced to meet. She bore in her arms a large bundle of what appeared to be soiled clothes, which she was probably employed to wash to obtain a small pittance for her daily necessities. Her eye was bent upon the earth as if she was busied with her own thoughts, and communing with her own spirit. When my eye caught the sad expression which rested upon her features, my sympathy was excited, and in a moment fancy was busy in running over her past life. I saw her, the bright and laughing child of poor but honest parents, the very life and idol of their hearthstone. Spring after spring came, and breathed with her warm breath upon the chilled earth, and her lips, in beauteous homage, breathing out their love in sweetest incense. So each revolving year brought out fresh flowers of loveliness in this sweet girl's heart. Again I saw her, and she had blossomed into the lovely woman. Her figure, flexible as an osier wand, was as graceful in its soft and flowing outlines, as the loveliest dream that ever flitted through the chamber of a sculptor's brain. Her hair was black and shining, as a raven, and her complexion like Lucretia's.

"Now red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Now white as lawn, the roses ta'en away."

She was wooed and won. Her mother wept when she chose another's arms for her protection, and her father besought God's blessing on her head, as hand in hand she and her chosen one began the journey of the world. They toiled and strove, hard and long, but success seemed not to smile upon their endeavors. Little ones sprang up about their knees, and th'o the world might look cold and cheerless upon them from without, within they were happy. But disease smote her husband in the pride of his manhood and strength, and the staff on which she had leaned, in her distress was broken. She toiled on lone and sorrowful for the flowers which still clung to the parent stem. They too perished, and one in the blasts of autumn. She was alone. She had no heart to complain, for her soul was humbled in the very dust. Grief became her companion, and she has struggled on, resigned but not complaining. And this was the being I saw before! Poor woman, how sad thy lot!—and yet thou art but a type of a mighty class. I turned and gave her a few shillings, and left her, richer a thousand fold than I had been before I parted with my treasure. I knew not—I cared not whether my dream might be true. I felt glad to give. Man, that seest thy fellow in distress, do likewise.

Life a Continued Warfare.

Every organized being lives in the midst of dangers which are every instant menacing its existence, and enemies who are seeking to live at its expense. There is not a species which is not inimical to others, and which has not in its own existence. Our life is a continual combat, in which we are successively conquerors and conquered, executioners and victims, frequently unjust but more commonly oppressed; and all our intelligence, all our search, all our arts, and all our activity, have no other object but to dispute with that which surrounds us, this frail existence, which is threatened at every step. Sometimes this war is with the elements; at others with the temperature, which is too hot or too cold; with the tempest that crushes us beneath its force, or consumes us as a piece of chaff; with the monsters of the deep, which surprise us on the waters; with the beasts of the forest, which prowl about our dwellings; with the insect so small that it might be crushed under the nail, but so powerful that its invisible labor, which works our blood in a state of fever, and consumes us with an intolerable itching; lastly, with our own irregularities, our excesses and our own suicidel acts.—*Lecture by Mr. Raspoil.*

"*Please to take my arm.*"—This age is prolific in new fashions, new etiquette, new every thing. The last new thing is, in stead of saying to a young lady—"please to take my arm," you should say—"will you condescend so far as to sacrifice your own convenience to my pleasure as to insert the five digitals, and part of the extremity of your contiguous arm through the angular aperture formed by the crooking of my elbow against the perpendicular portion of my natural frame?"

Hasty Burials.

The yellow fever raged fearfully in Boston the last part of the eighteenth century. The panic was so universal, that wives forsook their dying husbands, in some cases, and mothers their children, to escape the contageous atmosphere of the town. Funeral rites were generally omitted.—The "death carts," sent into every part of the town, were so arranged as to pass each street every half hour. At each house known to contain a victim of fever, they rang a bell, and called, "Bring out your dead." When the lifeless forms were brought out, they were wrapped in tarred sheets; put into the cart, and carried to the burial place, unaccompanied by relatives. In most instances, in fact, relatives had fled before the first approach of the fatal disease.

One of my father's brothers, residing in Boston at that time, became a victim to the pestilence. When the first symptoms appeared, his wife sent the children into the country, and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her and no benefit to him, for he soon would be too ill to know who attended him. These arguments made no impression on her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be a life-long satisfaction to her to know who attended upon him, if he did not. She accordingly stayed and watched him with unremitting care. This, however, did not avail to save him. He grew worse and worse, and finally died.—Those who went round with the "death carts," had visited the chamber, and seen that his end was near. They now came to take the body.—His wife refused to let it go. She told me that she never knew how to account for it, but, though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overborne by the strength of her conviction, though their own reason was opposed to it. The half hour again returned, and again was heard the solemn words, "Bring forth your dead."

The wife again resisted their importunities; but this time the men were resolute. They said the duty assigned them was a painful one; but the health of the town required punctual obedience to the order they had received; if they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fumigation of the apartment. She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in an agony of tears, continually saying, "I am sure he is not dead." The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea, but finally, overcome by her tears again departed. With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreaded half hour again came round, and found him cold and rigid as ever. She renewed her entreaties so desperately, that the messengers began to think a little more gentle force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will; but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength, that they could not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable strength of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all their remonstances, she answered, "If you bury him, you must bury me with him." At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise that if he showed no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no farther opposition to the removal.

Having gained this respite, she hung the watch upon the bedpost and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed the kegs of hot water about him; forced brandy between his teeth; breathed into his nostrils; held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half hour would expire, and those dreadful voices would be heard passing through the street. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled violently, and the hartshorn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally the position of the head had become slightly tipped backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly there was a short, quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened—and when the death men came, they found him sitting up in bed. He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusually good health.

I should be sorry to awaken any fears, or excite unpleasant [illegible], by the recital of this story; but I have ever thought that funerals were too much hurried in this country—particularly in the newly-settled [illegible] seems to me [illegible] ought [illegible] delay as possible, especially [illegible] suicidal death.

I believe no nation bury with so much haste as the Americans. The ancients took many precautions. They washed and anointed the body many successive times before it was carried to the burial.

The Romans cut off a joint of the finger, to make sure that life was extinct, before they lighted the funeral pile. Doubtless it is very unusual for the body to remain apparently lifeless for several hours, unless it be really dead; but the mere possibility of such a case should make friends careful to observe undoubted symptoms of dissolution before the interment.—*Mrs. L. M. Child.*

The very last Duel of All.

Tom Mungo and Theophilus Boon, two strapping negroes, undertook yesterday afternoon to settle an affair of honor in the fahionable way by resort to *duelo*. Boon was the challenger, and of course, Mungo had a prescriptive right to the choice sf weapons. Being of the currier's opinion, that there is nothing like leather, he chose cowhides. The parties met with their seconds in an open lot near the junction of Broad and Second streets. Boon's second objected to Mungo's pants, which were made of thich kersey, and moreover were plated or patched in a way that made them as obdurate as the hide of a rhinoceros, whereas Boon's inferior person was covered merely with a thin pair of drillings. As it was found imposible to reduce the two antagonists to eaqual terms by getting another pair of pants to match either Mungo's or Boon's one of the seconds suggested that they should fight *sans culottes!* a proposition which met with immediate favor, and both chivalric gentlemen stripped for the contest.—At concerted signal the fight commenced, and it was fearful to see how the instruments of flagelation were plied by both combatants. Boon keeps a school for young gentlemen of color; Mungo is a drayman; both were well versed in the floging business, and therefore made every stroke tell. Twenty or thirty lashes were given on each side, when Mungo laid in such a scorcher that Boon could stand it no longer, but ingloriously fled, the victor hard after him. Three times they circled the lot, like Hector and Achilles around the walls of Troy; when the vanquished Boon jumped the fence and flew at full speed down Broad street towards the city, the conqueror close at his heels playing the lash most industriously. Two such apparitions in such an ungraceful dishabille, naturally attracted much attention; and finally a police officer took the further settlement of the matter into his own hands, stopped both fugitive and pursuer, made them return to the field of battle, resume their unmentionables, and then conducted them where much hot blood is regularly cooled down. On hearing the statements of the facts this morning, the Mayor ordered the duellists to find bail for their better behavior. Nevertheless, their selection of weapons will furnish a gool hint to other brave youths who have a cerious quarrel to dispose of.—*Phila. Mercury.*

The Bible Prohibited.—Dr. Franklin, in his own life, has preserved the following singular anecdote of the Bible being prohibited in England in the time of Mary, the Catholic.—His Family had then early embraced the reformation: 'They had an English Bible, and to conceal it the more securely, they conceived the project of fastening it open with packthreads across the leaves, on the inside of the lid of a stool! When my grandfather wished to read to his family, he reversed the lid of the stool upon his knees, and passed the leaves from one side to another, which were held down on each by the packthread. One of the children was stationed at the door to give notice if he saw an officer of the Spiritual Court make his appearance; in that case the lid was restored to its place, with the Bible concealed under it as before.'

What if you have a patch on your knee—it is nothing to be ashamed of. It lays easier on the mind than a writ at the door, or an interview with a creditor who feels you have wronged him. Better wear an old hat, an unfashionable coat, or a pair af cow-hide shoes, than live extravagantly, run in debt, and have every body feel that you are a villain. There is nothing like prudence and economy—especially if you are striving to keep up your credit. Who will trust you if you are poor and lazy, and dress in fine broad cloth and display gold chains, rings and brest-pins? No one. But with a homespun coat, brown face, hard hands, and industrious habits, you are shure to be favored. Your appearance indicates that you are frugal, and you will be a safe customer.

A Question [illegible] you ever know a man who did [illegible] could poke the fire better than [illegible]